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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Beethoven and his Three Styles.

BY M. W. DE LENZ.

[From the French of HECTOR BERLIOZ.]

Here is a book, full of interest for the musician. It is written under the influence of an admiring passion, which its subject explains and justifies; but the author, nevertheless, preserves his liberty of thought—very rare among critics—which permits him to control his admiration, to blame at times, and to recognize the spots upon his sun.

Mr. de Lenz is a Russian, as is also Mr. Oulib-

cheff, the author of the biography of Mozart. Let us remark, *en passant*, that among the serious works of musical criticism published within the last five years, two have come to us from Russia.

I shall have much to praise in the work of Mr. de Lenz; therefore I would first of all consider the reproaches which he seems to have incurred in the preparation of his book. The first bears upon the manifold German citations which bristle in the text. Why not translate these fragments into French, since all the rest is in the French language? Mr. de Lenz, as a Russian, must necessarily speak a great number of languages, known and unknown; he probably said to himself: Who does not speak German? as that banker who remarked: Who has not a million? Alas! we Frenchmen do not speak German, who have so much difficulty, and who so rarely succeed in learning our own language. Therefore it is very unpleasant to us to peruse with a feverish interest the pages of a book, to fall at every moment into such pitfalls as this: Beethoven, addressing Mr. Rellstab, said: "Opern, wie don Juan und Figaro, konnte ich nicht componiren. Dagegen habe ich einen Widerwillen." Very good! But, after all, what did Beethoven say? I should like to know. This is very annoying. And this quotation is even ill-selected, for the author, for once, gives himself the trouble to translate it, which he by no means does for a thousand other words, phrases, narratives, and documents, of which it is doubtless important for the reader to know the import. I like quite as well the mode of Shakespeare, in Henry IV., where, instead of a reply of a Welch woman to her husband, an Englishman, these words are substituted in a parenthesis: "(Glendower speaks to her in Welch, and she answers him in the same.)"

My second reproach bears upon an opinion emitted by the author with regard to Mendelssohn; an opinion already advanced by other critics, the motives of which I beg Mr. de Lenz's permission to argue with him.

He says: "We cannot speak of modern music without mentioning Mendelssohn Bartholdy . . . We share with all the respect which a mind of his stamp commands; but we believe that the Hebrew element, with which the mind of Mendelssohn is imbued, will prevent his music from becoming the acquisition of the whole world, without distinction of time or place." Is there not a little of prejudice in this manner of appreciating this great composer? and would

Mr. de Lenz have written these lines had he been ignorant of the descent of *Paul* and *Elijah* from the celebrated Israelite, Moses Mendelssohn? I hardly think it. "The harmony of the synagogue," says he again, "is a type easily to be traced in the music of Mendelssohn." Now, it is difficult to conceive how the psalmody of the synagogue could have acted upon the music of Felix Mendelssohn; for he never professed the Jewish religion: we all know on the contrary that he was a Lutheran, and a fervent and convinced Lutheran.

Moreover, what music is there which can ever become *the acquisition of the whole world, without distinction of time or place?* None, assuredly. The works of the great German masters, such as Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, who all belonged to the Catholic religion, that is to say, the *universal* religion, admirably beautiful, living, sound and powerful as they are, will never attain to this, any sooner than those of others.

Setting aside this question of Judaism, which seems to be broached unfittingly, the musical stamp of Felix Mendelssohn, the nature of his mind, his filial love for Handel and Bach, the education that he received from Zelter, his rather exclusive sympathies for German life and the German home, his exquisite sentimentality, his tendency to shut himself up within the circle of ideas of a given city and public, are all appreciated by Mr. de Lenz with much penetration and cunning. From the comparison which, in the same chapter, he establishes between Weber, Mendelssohn, and Beethoven, he draws also conclusions which seem to me just and to the point. He ventures also to make very sensible remarks upon the fugue, and the fugued style, and their real musical importance; on the use made of them by the true masters; and on the ridiculous use made of them by those musicians of whom this style is the constant preoccupation. He quotes, to support this theory, the remarks of a consummate contrapuntist, who has passed his life in the fugue, and who might have found more than one good reason for discovering therein the sole means of salvation in music, but who loved truth better. He says: It is a too honorable exception of the exclusive ideas of Art, that we should not do the reader (who understands German) "the service to reproduce these remarks for him. We read in an article by Mr. Fuchs of St. Petersburg: 'Die Fuge, als ein für sich abgeschlossenes Music-stück,' etc., etc." (He speaks Welch.)

Well, look ye! I would give much to know at once, what Mr. Fuchs has written about this, and I am doomed to be disappointed.

After having established very ingenious comparisons between Beethoven and the great German masters, his predecessors and contemporaries, Mr. de Lenz gives himself up to the study of the character of his hero, to the analysis of his works, and finally to the appreciation of the distinctive qualities of the three styles in which Beethoven wrote.

This task was difficult; and we cannot but praise the manner in which the author has accomplished it. It is impossible to enter more fully into the spirit of these marvellous musical poems; to more completely embrace the whole, and the details: to follow with more vigor the impetuous eagle flights; to see more clearly when he soars aloft, or sinks earthward; and to say all this with more frankness. In my opinion, Mr. de Lenz has, in this respect, a double advantage over Mr. Oulibicheff. He renders full justice to Mozart. Mr. Oulibicheff is far from doing the same with Beethoven. Mr. de Lenz acknowledges, without hesitation, that divers pieces of Beethoven's composition, such as the overture to the *Ruins of Athens*, and certain portions of his piano sonatas are feeble, and little worthy of him; that other compositions, little known, in fact, are absolutely devoid of ideas, and that two or three are monstrous logographs. On the contrary, M. Oulibicheff admires *all* in Mozart. And Heaven knows if the glory of the author of "Don Juan" would have suffered by the destruction of many of the compositions of his youth, which have most impiously been published! Mr. Oulibicheff would clear all away from around Mozart; he seems to suffer impatiently any talk of other masters. Mr. de Lenz is filled with a true enthusiasm for all fine manifestations of the Art; and his passion for Beethoven, though it be not a blind one, is, perhaps, more profound and more living than that of his rival for Mozart.

His indefatigable researches during a period of twenty years, throughout all Europe, have caused him to acquire many curious notions, not generally known, of Beethoven and his works. Several of the anecdotes which he relates have this importance, that they tend to explain the musical anomalies scattered throughout the productions of the great composer, to account for which all attempts have hitherto been fruitless.

Beethoven, we know, professed a robust admiration for those grim-visaged masters, whom Mr. de Lenz mentions, who made, in music, an exclusive use of that *purely rational element of human thought, which it is impossible to substitute for grace*. Do we know the tendency and extent of his admiration? I doubt it. It recalls slightly, to my sense, the taste of those rich gastronomists, who weary with their Lucullan banquets, were pleased, at times, to break their fast with a red-herring and a buckwheat cake.

[To be continued.]

Crystal Palace Grand Organ, (London.)

(From the Preliminary Report of the Directors.)

Having carefully viewed the building, the Committee unanimously recommend the eastern extremity of the transept as the best position for the instrument, supposing it to be placed in the building, and they have prepared the scheme of such an Organ as they think will be of sufficient power and comprehensiveness.

In this scheme they have included all the modern improvements in the Organ; and for the reasons above mentioned, have employed a much larger proportion of reed stops and large pipes than has usually been thought necessary. They have also inserted two stops, commencing with pipes of 64 feet, speaking-length.

Hitherto, the longest pipe employed has been thirty-two feet, sounding two octaves below the lowest note of a violoncello.

The magnitude of this Organ is necessarily very great. The rough drawings which have been prepared for the guidance of the Committee, show that it will occupy an area of 5,400 feet, so that supposing it to be placed at the end of the transept, and to extend from one gallery to the other in width, its depth will be about 50 feet, and its altitude may be about 140 from the ground.

The internal structure of such an instrument is divided into stories, like a house, for the convenient support of the sound-boards and pipes. In the present case, the feeders of the bellows must be moved by a small steam-engine, and this, together with the feeders, should be disposed in an underground apartment beneath the organ.

The space beneath the first floor of the organ may thus be entirely disengaged, being only occupied by the pillars required for the support of the organ, and by the wind-trunks.

This portion of the structure should be constructed substantially of stone, iron, or brick, and open on all sides with arches, and will thus form a part of the area of the transept. The pillars may be made hollow so as also to serve for wind-trunks, &c.

The front of the Organ must be, as usual, an ornamental frame containing a select arrangement of pipes, and for the designing of this part, the Committee request that an Architect be appointed to confer with them.

In this form the large pipes will necessarily form a prominent and novel feature, from their unusual magnitude. The whole should be designed in a style to correspond in lightness and transparency with the general forms of the surrounding architecture.

The interior of the Organ should be symmetrically arranged, and in such a manner as to show as many of the pipes as possible at one view. The sides and back of the Organ may be constructed, in a great measure, if not wholly, of iron frame-work and glass, and thus spectators in the galleries will be enabled to inspect the interior, and to see the mechanism in action.

It is not advisable to admit visitors in general to the interior of the Organ, because its mechanism and pipes are very liable to derangement; but these must be arranged with every convenience for accessibility, for the purpose of tuning or inspecting the mechanism.

In the present stage of the proceedings any attempt to convey a description of the instrument which it is proposed to erect, so as to enable a just conception of its structure to be formed, would be very premature, inasmuch as the Committee—waiting the sanction of the Directors to their general plan above explained, and the appointment of a builder for the organ, and an architect,—have not yet proceeded to work out the design of the organ in its details. They can only state that their object is to produce an instrument vast in its compass, gigantic, though graceful, in its structure, and so wonderfully deep and various in its tones, as to place it on a vantage ground above all others, and thus hold out a rational expectation that it will at once be unique and noble.

Nor is it unimportant, in a pecuniary point of view, to observe that it will probably, on completion, become highly remunerative. It is stated on good authority, that the Apollonica realized upwards of £40,000 in a few years, which leads to the belief that the Crystal Palace Organ, would be an excellent investment.

It has been shown to your Committee by those well informed on such matters, that celebrated organs have for many years past brought, when sold, as much as they originally cost. It is said that the Haarlem Organ, which cost £10,000, is worth more than that sum, and so with many others.

It is necessary to state, for the information of the Directors, that an organ of the scale required will absorb a sum of £25,000, or more. A detailed estimate, of course, cannot be prepared until exact working drawings and specifications of the proposed instrument have been made. Its construction will probably extend over three years at least; and if carried on with the desirable rapidity, the sums required in the successive years will be, £8,000, £5,000, and £5,000, respectively.

A New "Jupiter" among Symphonies.

To the Editor of the Journal of Music.

MY DEAR SIR:—As many of your readers have never seen a full and impartial description of Herr Lötschitz's pictorial Symphony, I take the liberty of sending you an account of the performance by an ear witness.

Musical expression has certainly made great progress during the present century, but a triumph so wonderfully complete as the one here described, it is almost impossible to conceive.

Your readers will certainly arrive at the conclusion that there is no limit to the power of descriptive music.

BERLIN, APRIL 1st.

DEAR FRIEND:—I cannot forbear writing to you to express my deep regret at your departure from Berlin before the production of Herr Lötschitz's pictorial Symphony. The rumors which had prevailed for some time amongst the dilettanti respecting this stupendous work of modern art-genius had already raised the minds of every class of the community in Berlin to the highest point of expectation, and led to the belief that a musical crisis was at hand, pregnant with results of the deepest consequence to æsthetical philosophy. But great as was the expectation formed by the public, it was surpassed by the reality, and a perfect fever of enthusiasm pervades the town at the moment of my sitting down to record this recent but ever memorable event in the history of sound-craft.

You may remember that the subject chosen by the gifted artist, is by no means one affording the ordinary broad points of imitation more especially demanded by the drama of sound. It is based upon the incidents of every day life, borrowing nothing from the rich sources of passion, the inspiration of romance, or the suggestive charms of a poetical existence. The present effort has been made (how successfully all Berlin can witness) to paint through the medium of sounds, unaided by words, the progress of a merchant's life.

The name given to this truly wonderful production of self-poised genius is "Das Tongemalt Kaufmanns Leben Gedicht," literally "the sound-pictured poem of a merchant's life,"—a name in itself replete with interest to the student of German metaphysics, who here finds the whole circle of the fine arts embraced in a single phrase, agreeably to an exquisite sense of their intimate relations; a piece of descriptive music being first called a *poem*, and then being said to be *painted*, and this painting, lastly, being declared to be executed in *sound*. The details of this unparalleled symphony would occupy more space than any letter could afford: they absorb sixteen closely-printed pages in a synopsis just written by the learned and eloquent Stoffenonsen, in the *Musikalische Zeitung*, which I will forward you by the first post. In the meantime accept the following brief and meagre analysis.

I ought to tell you, in the first place, that the orchestra on this occasion was erected on the pit of the opera house, the audience being arranged

on the stage. In addition to an unusually large stringed instrument department, there were four and twenty trombones, eighteen trumpets, nine pairs of horns, six ophicleides, ten serpents, thirteen pairs of cymbals, two gongs and eight drums, tuned to each interval of the octave.

The band was swelled by amateurs of distinction, and the whole was led by the father of the composer; the last circumstance, as may readily be supposed, augmenting the deep interest of the scene to a degree of intensity bordering on the painful. Three quarters of an hour were required for tuning this immense mass of instruments.

This being over, see now ascending, amid the overwhelming plaudits of the audience and the orchestra, a young man of a pale and interesting countenance, with an immense profusion of uncombed black hair, lending romantic disorder to an appearance in every way peculiar. This is young Löstiswitz, and he turns towards the immense assemblage which greets him, while he gracefully endeavors to remove the hair out of his eyes in order to survey them. Still he ascends, and still they applaud, and still he labors to behold them through the struggling curtain of a dark hair-maze. But at length he has reached the rostrum of the conductor. All is at once as still as death. On him, the hero of that evening, every eye is bent. Many already have poured forth the soul-tribute of tears. His modest demeanor wins all hearts. And now he waves his baton, and the breathless silence is broken by the first stroke of the orchestra (the chord of the 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-0) struck by the whole band *staccatissimo Ffff* with the unity of a single gun.

A pause ensues. Then there begins a plaintive warbling strain on the oboe, accompanied by the ophicleides and one gong. This marks the first entrance of the boy-man into mercantile life. The lingering remembrances of his boyish sports and pleasures (graphically depicted by the touching accents of the oboe in E major) are brought effectively into contrast with the rough rebukes and reproaches of the senior clerk, conveyed by the bass in C minor. Want of punctuality, and inaccuracy in the details of business, are now sharply urged against him by the violins, in staccato passages *contretemps*. He submits with becoming modesty to this censure in a holding note on the second bassoon. But his mind presently rallies; he girds himself up for his daily task; he is sensible of a divine energy; and now a strict fugue is led off by the tenors, and grows upon the ear through all the forms of harmonic proportion, self-evolving, infinite, yet regular. This proclaims new habits of business, exactness in accounts, well-kept books, and general exemplary conduct. Years roll on, accompanied by the violoncello; the *youth* wins the approbation of his superiors—the *man* is a partner in the firm! Vainly, my dear friend, should I endeavor to convey to you the least adequate conception of the exquisite and finely-preserved gradations by which this picture-poem-sculpture-music expresses to the sense of the spectator-auditor, *crescendo poco à poco*, the commercial progress of its youthful hero. With this noble climax, the first movement concludes.

After a short pause, needed alike by the audience and the performers to recruit their spirits, exhausted by excitement, a graceful *Pastorale* movement commenced, indicating that degree of

comfortable independence and rural retirement which are the fruits of well-regulated industry, when the time-earned blessings of competence have placed within reach of the successful partner a small house and grounds in the suburbs, unfurnished, with other conveniences. Every morning at nine o'clock, after a moderate but excellent breakfast, we see him driving into town, in G major, *Allegro two-fours*; every evening at five we see him returning to dinner, on the dominant.

I observed more than one commercial man in the room, who had passed through all the usual stages of mercantile life, yielding himself up to the delusion of the moment, and revelling in associations rekindled among the embers of existence by the spell of the spirit-ruler. Every mind was conscious of a secret regret when the last note of this movement expired. It was to them as the going down of an autumnal sun, bright, but prophetic of no genial return.

Now followed an *Adagio un poco prestissimo, piano quasi forte, senza tempo*—by far the most sui-general and future-age-anticipating portion of this divine work. Löstiswitz has here displayed that deep insight into the principles of instrumentation, which gives him the extraordinary superiority he at present enjoys over contemporary composers as a *combinationist*.

This movement commences with a trio for *two serpents and an octave flute*, indicative of extensive commercial embarrassment, and so skilfully has the composer applied the resources of his genius to the subject before him that, with this simple machinery, the whole process of what appears a complicated bankruptcy is brought before the mind with startling reality; in so much that it may be doubted if in a country like England, this portion of the symphony would not require considerable modification, in the event of its performance there. The failure of correspondents, the blockade of the Mexican ports (this would never be permitted by your government I conceive), rumors of the plague at Alexandria, the consternation of clerks and accountants, the presentation of bills for payment, the impetration of renewal, the galling insolence of minacious creditors—all these things *told*, and *were told* with such effect, that a powerful sensation of alarm pervaded the whole house, in the midst of which, Herr —, of the firm of — & Co., was carried out in a state of suspended animation. At length a calm ensues; the assets are found sufficient to prevent injury to credit, confidence revives, orders pour in, and all again is harmony and prosperity. Then comes the grand finale.

A brisk *Allegro* in triple time denotes the accumulation of money in the three per cents; but this movement gradually assumes a statelier style and loftier measure as honors succeed to riches; and, at length, the freedom of the city having been presented in a complimentary *Andante* for four horns, not without a neat and appropriate reply from the double bass, and a prince of the blood royal having proposed for the sixth daughter in a subsequent bar, the whole of this prodigious work is brought to an end on a sustained dominant, equally remarkable for the novelty of its sequences, and the perfect propriety of its matrimonial arrangements.

Oh! my dear friend, much as I have said, I feel how inadequate my words are to convey a correct impression of this unique Art-fruit. But

you must wait till you see what Stoffenonsen has said about it in the synopsis which I have to forward to you. The power of sound in embodying the visible forms of things—its direct appeal to the eye—can no longer be a point in question.

To Germany belongs the credit due to the discovery; she first explored what may be called (literally) the *phenomena* of music; and she it is that is bringing the *discovery* to perfection. It was reserved for Löstiswitz to crown the vindication of music from the prejudice which has hitherto set it down, after Plato, as *ἄνοστό τι* (something not to be seen) as it is described in the foolish motto prefixed to that English tone-art-paper, the *Musical World*. It was reserved for him to reverse Ovid's Metamorphoses and restore to Echo her visible form. You know the school of music in which he has been educated, and the transcendent capabilities which it has newly opened up to the view of awakening Europe. But great as are the masters which adorn that school, it may safely be said that no one of them has ever done more than Löstiswitz.

Yours ever,

[From the New York Tribune.]

A New Metropolitan Hall.

The reconstruction of a new edifice in this City, for concerts, meetings and exhibitions, is a subject which should occupy the public mind. We have now, since the deplorable destruction of Metropolitan Hall, no such place of sufficient size, of adequate taste in its arrangements, and with the external brilliancy so inspiring to actors and audiences. Philadelphia, however, has two splendid halls—the old Musical Fund and the New Music Hall. Boston, too, has a magnificent New Music Hall. Baltimore, likewise, has a very large hall, though deficient in decorations. But New York, in this way, has nothing of a size fit for her claims and boasts. Her largest saloon, Niblo's, would hardly suit Cleveland or Buffalo, towns of yesterday. Her present position, in this regard, is simply provincial; and if it continue, it will be contemptible. We must have a new Metropolitan Hall—for concerts primarily, and secondarily for meetings, philanthropic and political; for conventions, scientific, artistic and moral, and for exhibitions of various kinds.

It may be said such a building will not pay. We question this assertion most pointedly. We believe that Metropolitan Hall did pay a good interest. We have known about \$190 a night paid for the room, gas and door-keepers included, and that for some twelve nights; and here alone is some \$5,000, or an interest on \$45,000 for a mere passing breeze of rental. M. Jullien, too, has paid rent during two months, six nights a week, for the same hall; and to say that such a demand for such a hall does not pay, is nonsense. It is a good investment, although it required an enthusiast to build it.

We believe, in fact, that no better stock need be required, than that which could be invested in a new Metropolitan Hall on the old site, which is unsurpassably good. The demand for such a hall is just as steady as that for bread and butter, and the investment just as safe. All that is required is, that the building should be fire-proof. The walls, joists and beams should be iron; the floors should also be incombustible; the stairways and gallery fronts should be iron; in a word, it should be impregnable against fire.

For the purposes of Art simply, we should like to see a hall built irrespective of the cent-per-cent. principle. And if we were a civilized community this would be done. Why not? Peter Cooper gives some \$300,000 to a scientific Institute. Anson Phelps leaves \$100,000 to religious foreign missions. Every year heavy legacies are left, or donations made, for objects, good, bad and indifferent, but when Art comes up as a vital question, then vulgarity and stupidity rules, and nothing is

done. Our Colleges, forever prating of Greek, know nothing of the Grecian spirit, which was artistic. Homer, having received his education in Egypt, literally sang to the lyre, and lyrical poetry was used in Greece three hundreds years before prose was known in the literature of that country. Demosthenes, as his orations show, and as any classical scholar can read, drew his best inspirations from the lyrical Homer; and the best part of Daniel Webster came from the lyrical Homer too, at second hand through Demosthenes. So pure Art has shone, unacknowledged in our literature and eloquence; while Colleges, dying millionaires, living millionaires, and all others giving away money, dying or living, to institutions, have left her literally to shift for herself. Hence the taste of the people is so low that they go night after night in overwhelming crowds to see white men with blackened faces making mountebanks of themselves in order to delectate their vulgar audiences, who wear good clothes, with what is called negro music; as if music could be good which atheistically caricatures the oppressed, or has no higher derivation than despised ignorance.

It is, indeed, time that we were out of this slough of barbarism. It is time that the rhodomontade of our colleges—our literati—our public men—upon "ripe scholarship" should end; and the grand aesthetics of that nation—the Attic Grecian—to which we are most indebted for our civilization, should ripen truly the collegiate, the literary and the public mind. We should have a Metropolitan Hall at the service of artists for a nominal price. But if we have not the sense and wisdom to build such a thing as we do other institutions, independent of mere money—let it be built at once as an investment, and constructed so that it can not be destroyed by fire.

From Graham's Magazine for January.

THE SINGING LEAVES.

A BALLAD.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I.

"What fairings will ye that I bring?"
Said the king to his daughters three,
"For I to Vanity Fair am boune,
Now say what shall they be?"

Then up and spake the eldest daughter,
The lady tall and grand,
"Ye shall bring to me the diamonds great,
And gold rings for my hand."

Thereafter spake the second daughter,
That was both white and red,
"For me bring silk that will stand alone,
And a gold comb for my head."

Then slowly spake the least daughter,
That was whiter than thistle down,
And among the gold of her blithesome hair
Dim shone the golden crown.

"There came a bird at sunrise
And sang 'neath my bower-eaves,
And sent the sweet dream that bade me
To ask for the Singing Leaves."

Then the brow of the king swelled crimson
With a flush of angry scorn,
"Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,
And chosen as ye were born."

"But thou, like a thing of peasant blood,
That is happy binding the sheaves!"—
Then he saw her dead mother in her face,
And said, "Thou shalt have thy Leaves."

II.

He bade farewell to the elder twain
And touched his lips to their cheek,
But 'twas thrice he kissed the Princess Anne,
And looked back and did not speak.

And he has ridden three days and nights
Till he came to Vanity Fair,
And easy it was to buy gems of gold,
But no Singing Leaves were there.

Then deep in the greenwood rode he
And asked of every tree,
"Oh, if ye have ever a singing leaf,
I pray you to give it me!"

But the trees all kept their counsel;
They said neither yea nor nay;
Only there sighed from the pine tops
A music of seas far away.

Only the aspen pattered
With a sound like growing rain,
That fell ever fast and faster,
Then faltered to silence again.

Some leaves he plucked from every tree,
And his good knights all plucked some,
But they missed the spell of the weird greenwood,
And withered and were dumb.

"Oh, where shall I find a little foot-page,
That would win both hose and shoon,
And will bring to me these Singing Leaves,
If they grow beneath the moon?"

Then lightly turned him Walter, the page,
By the stirrup as he ran,
"Now pledge to me the truesome word
Of a knight and gentleman,
"That you will give me the first, first thing
You meet at your castle gate,
And the princess shall get the Singing Leaves,
Or mine be the traitor's fate!"

The king's head drooped on his bosom
A moment, as it might be—
'Twill be my hound, he thought, and he said,
"I pledge my word to thee."

Then Walter took from next his heart
A packet small and thin,
"And give you this to the Princess Anne,
The Singing Leaves are therein."

III.

As the king rode in, o'er the loud drawbridge,
A maiden to meet him ran,
And, "Welcome, father!" she laughed and cried
Together, the Princess Anne.

"Lo, here are thy Singing Leaves," quoth he,
"And wo, but they cost me dear!"
She took the packet, and her smile
Deepened down beneath the tear.

It deepened down to her very heart,
And then flushed back again,
And lighted her tears as the sudden sun
Transfigures the summer rain.

And the first leaf, when she opened it,
Sang, "I am Walter, the page,
And the songs I sing 'neath thy window
Are all my heritage!"

And the second leaf sang, "But in the land
That is neither on earth or sea,
My harp and I are lords of more
Than thrice this kingdom's fee!"

And the third leaf sang, "Be mine! be mine!"
And still it sang, "Be mine!"
Then sweeter it sang and ever sweeter,
And said, "I am thine, thine, thine!"

At the first leaf she grew pale enough,
At the second she turned aside,
At the third, t'was as if a lily flushed
With a rose's red heart's tide.

"Good counsel gave the bird," she said;
"I have my wish thrice o'er,
For they sing to my very heart," she said,
"And it sings with them evermore."

She brought to him her beauty and truth,
But and broad earldom three,
And he made her queen of the broader lands
He held of his heart in fee.

TASTE PROGRESSING.—Passing through one of our Boston streets the other evening, we actually heard some one whistling, for a dozen bars or so, the first theme in the overture to *Tannhäuser*.

PASSION-FLOWERS.—Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1854.

We would add to this simple page the naive frontlet of Bettine von Arnim,—*This book is for the good and not for the bad.* Nothing is more obvious than that many critics, of taste most precise and orthodox, may find some fault with nearly every poem here;—well, let them speak, as they have, and go on to apply their horn-eyes to the next publication. But there are other critics who can bring all things to the test of what is real and universal,

'Forgetting vulgar rules, with spirit free
To judge each author by his own intent,
Nor think one standard for all minds is meant.'

Yet it is really a grave thing, and, in this country, a rare thing, to publish such a book as this. Lively description and subtle sentiment have been the highest characteristics of the almost infinite and infinitesimal brood of female songsters which the Rev. Mr. Griswold has harbored under his wings; timidly, yet earnestly, we have demanded something deeper than these, something truer to the idea of American womanhood. Shall we say that now, for the first time, we have been answered? We surely believe that this work stands for such a want in our Literature, and that it is one which very many will not willingly let die. As the old Athenian who returned home from the temple with his visitors, we would say, "Let us enter, for here also are the Gods"; and are persuaded that many will rise up from the perusal of these verses and say: If this is not Poetry, all that I have loved and worshipped in Poets has been a broken reed on which I have been leaning, and now the secret has no tongue for me!

The volume is rightly enough named "Passion-flowers;" though it is not necessary that one should read far to find that underneath the modest claim of "flowers," there is a full kernel,

"Which, if cut deep down the middle,
Shows a heart within, blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity."

These first pieces are not only about Rome, and suffused with the scenery and associations of Rome, but they reveal, as do the rest, a Roman culture. There is evidence enough of a recognition of Greek methods, and an acquaintance with Greek Literature,—but their influence is certainly not felt beyond the style, and often not there. In the poem, so full of plastic energy, "From Newport to Rome," it is not Aspasia, but Portia, who cries out against those who dance on the bleeding heart of the world:

For the brave world is given to us
For all the brave in heart to keep,
Lest wicked hands should sow the thorns
That bleeding generations reap.

* * * * *
Oh world! oh time! oh heart of Christ!
Oh heart betrayed and sold anew!
Dance on, ye slaves! ay, take your sport,
All times are one to such as you.

Our limits will not allow us to introduce many extracts here. Several of the most striking have been published in this Journal. We would point to the pieces entitled "Correspondence" and "Mother Mind," as the seal of this prophetess: earnest, heroic,—conscious that God is over all, and so detecting the harmony of the particular with the universal; knowing that

There is no great and no small
To the soul that maketh all.

"A Child's Excuse" and "The Royal Guest" show a simple and tender appreciation of all the gifted and good. In a certain tingling of the emotion in every fibre of the writer, which always has a galvanic effect on the reader, we are reminded of that master of modern heroic verse, Robert Browning,—"Miss Barrett's" compliment to whom we have already applied to our authoress. Witness, "My Lecture," "Death of the Slave Lewis," and "My last Dance." The latter is very characteristic. There is a dance amongst the Oriental Dervishes, where the motions of

the limbs accord with the planetary orbits. The most flaming worshipper could not enter more into the spirit of the dance than this :

She gave her impulse to the dancing hours,
To winds that sweep, to stars that noiseless turn ;
She marked the measure rapid hearts must keep,
Devised each pace that glancing feet should learn.

Occasionally there is a morbid tone in these notes; nearly all are given in "sad perplexed minors." But we are not of those who would find fault with a book for these, however much we might feel for the severe encounters which suggest such. Their absence has often involved more serious deductions; and, after all, so long as we cannot see with God's eye, this life is a grave problem. We have here the charities which a life, whereon no experience or message has been ever lost, alone can bestow. And we shall read these verses from time to time with something of that faith with which the devout ascribe power to the pale lock of hair from some fair Renunciant. For its authoress we would love to bind a chaplet of her representative flowers, and clasp it with a rose-diamond.

C.

REVERBERATING HALLS.—The difficulty occasioned by the reverberation of sound in the Capitol at Nashville, has been remedied by a thick laying of sand dust on the floor, covering it with a heavy curtain. The Ohio Constitutional Convention remedied a similar defect in College Hall, Cincinnati, by covering the walls with canvass.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

From my Diary. No. XXXVII.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8.—Well, when I called our music hall the Metropolitan nuisance, I had no thought of its being so suddenly and sadly abated. So now we are without any musical head-quarters, unless we go back to the old Tabernacle. Strange that a city of this size should never have possessed a good room for music! But one regrets the loss of even a bad one, if its place cannot be supplied. I fear there is little hope of another being built, at present, this side of the new opera house: poor Tripler's experiment has proved too costly—it ruined him. If one should be built, may Apollo see that acoustical principles be not wholly ignored, and the goddess of prudence see that some decent means of egress form a part of the architect's plans and drawings!

Jan. 12.—Have been reading Mr. Mason's letters upon musical matters in Europe, and am greatly pleased with the book. In these days of controversy among our church music people, this calm, candid report of what Mr. M. saw and heard in Germany and England, is of very great value. It is just the book which teachers of singing classes, and attendants upon Musical Conventions should read. They certainly—if they have any reasonable quantity of brains—cannot fail to see that there is something beyond even a "tune" or an anthem, in the domain of music, and something too which they can only learn to appreciate and enjoy, by combined effort on a grander scale than they have hitherto attempted. In reading the accounts of the great musical festivals which Mr. Mason attended, and which he has so finely described, I have felt an almost painful longing for the time—which will yet come—when in our inland cities—say Springfield, or Worcester, Syracuse or any other centre of easy access—choirs and native orchestras shall come together for the performance of "Messiahs" and "Samsons" and "Elijahs." Perhaps that time may be nearer, now, than I imagine. At all events this book cannot but do something toward awakening the right spirit for this desirable end.

Speaking of books, what a strange compound of wisdom and folly, brilliance and dullness, strength and weakness, magnificent description, lofty sentiment and sickly sentimentality, the new novel, "Charles Auchester," is! I do not know when I have been more excited by a fiction than by this, in passages, or more wearied in others. There is more genius than talent displayed in it. One thing is clear, that the god of the author's idolatry is Mendelssohn, and that the love for him amounted to passion—perhaps a cold passion, like Bettine's for Goethe.

Some one has said that one of the Rothschild family wrote it. In its boundless enthusiasm for all that is Jewish, it would give "color to this idea", did this enthusiasm seem like that of a member of the Jewish family; but to me it seems more like the unlimited admiration of an outsider. That a man is the author I do not believe. No man could draw these pictures of the female characters; no man could draw the hero Seraphael (Mendelssohn) such a namby-pamby character—considered, not as a musician, but as a man. It reads to me all the way through as if written—or, at least, thought out—in German, and as if the manuscript had been revised by some one so familiar with that language as occasionally to overlook glaring Germanisms. It is queer, but all the way through I am reminded of Mrs. Kinkel, wife of the Prof. Kinkel described in Dickens' Household Words, the one who was sentenced to imprisonment for life during the Baden revolutionary troubles in 1849, but who escaped to England afterward.

She knew Mendelssohn, was an enthusiastic admirer of him, is a fine writer, a very fine musician, and shows in her writings, on a smaller scale, the same points of strength and weakness in which this book abounds. The book is *all* music, and high class music too.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

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BOSTON, JAN. 21, 1854.

"Our Wagnerism."

We publish with pleasure the following letter from our esteemed friend and townsmen in Leipzig, whose word is always welcome, even when it calls our own ideas in question. For if we differ, it is the same earnest search for truth in Art, that leads us for the time being into diverging paths, and which we are bound to suppose, if each is faithful, will in due time also lead us round to the same goal. But whether we *do* so greatly differ in the matter here discussed, we shall submit to the reader after he has read the letter.

LEIPSIC, Nov. 11, 1853.

MY DEAR SIR:—You have of late shown yourself in the *Journal* so devoted a lover of modern German music, and so zealous an exponent of the sounding phrases of Mr. Liszt, and the *Neue Zeitschrift* (concerning Wagner in particular), that courtesy might perhaps prescribe silence to one, who in this part of your musical creed is of so opposite a way of thinking. I can, however, well understand that the performance of certain works such as the Tannhäuser overture, which is unquestionably novel and brilliant, should produce a great effect in a concert room, and lead the hearers to a belief in the genius of its composer; but were you to reside a twelvemonth in Germany, where not only the overture but the whole opera is frequently to be heard by those who like it, where the dullest and darkest and most confused works of the three, (who, as Mr. Chorley remarks, labor in the "cause of musical dislocation,") are not to be so escaped, I am sure you would at least modify your opinions. Having been in Germany now more than a year, and having found that my own feelings in regard to Wagner in particular, from ardent curiosity, have passed, through aversion, to a firm conviction of the falseness of his theories in dramatic music—and believing also that if this music does succeed in forcing itself into admiration, true Art would at least for a season die and disappear, I was tempted by an article in the *Gazette Musicale*, due to the pen of M. Féris (being the 2d letter addressed to dramatic composers,) which seemed to me singularly just and true, to explain as far as lay in my power why I have this settled conviction that music in Ger-

many is travelling fast on towards the regions of chaos. M. Féris argues that Wagner's theories concerning operatic music are utterly false. M. Féris poses as an axiom that *beauty* is the primary object of any musical production—Wagner, that to *truth* all things are to be sacrificed.

Now in an opera, absolute truth is an impossibility. Wagner's rhythmical recitative is just as false as the Cavatina and Aria that he wishes to put down. Men and women in daily intercourse speak, and do not sing or recite verses or rhythmical phrases. We accept the thing called Opera, which to the sober eye of reason is an absurdity, because the beauty of musical idea makes us forget its falsity. The necessary qualities of a good libretto are varied versification, and striking points for effect, which excite the composer's genius and arrest the attention of the public. M. Wagner thinks that by destroying Melody he approximates more nearly to Truth; and admitting that his operas are a little more like real life, no one can thank him for taking away that which charmed us into forgetfulness of the primary absurdity of the opera, and leaving us a strange, anomalous thing, which is neither opera nor drama; which is equally wide of the Truth to which he aspires, and deprived of the charm that made us accept its falsity. The modern school of music in Germany, which includes the music of Wagner, much of Schumann and Berlioz (who, although a Frenchman, belongs to the same movement), Brahms, and Liszt, who is the preacher and setter forth of the wonders of the genius possessed by these gentlemen, is supported, firstly, by themselves, they having formed a league offensive and defensive; secondly, by the *Neue Zeitschrift*, which but lately informed us that Mendelssohn was a man of *talent*, while the above mentioned exponents of the modern school were men of *genius*; thirdly, by the young musicians, who are brought up to believe that their first compositions must be modelled upon the Ninth Symphony and that the First is a puerility. But the real opinion of the men who still make German Art estimable and admirable, those whose counsels are best worthy of seeking, is utterly adverse to this Mutual Adoration Society. Moscheles, Hauptmann, Gade, Richter, and out of Germany the best musical critics of France and England are unable to perceive the glories of the new lights—and show by their actions and speech that they consider all this as injurious to the cause of true music and high Art. Success is no test of excellence either, in Schools of Art. There was a time in Italy, when Bernini and his scholars filled the Italian cities with statues robed in frittered draperies, whose attitudes were twisted out of all nature, and admired for their very oppositeness to all which the Grecian masters had laid down as admirable. So far was this mania carried, that young men went to seat themselves upon the Ponte St. Angelo at Rome, to study and draw the statues placed upon the bridge. Statues which now are looked upon as beneath contempt. Things were in this false state, when Canova came and led the people back into the true path, by showing them what the great master of antiquity had done, and how their theories in art were founded upon a careful study of nature, and a healthy simple inspiration. So that until a musical Canova come, who has the genius which enforces authority, and whose mind is simple as was that of Haydn, lovely as that of Mozart, and strong as that of Beethoven, I fear we shall have to grope farther yet into the realms of musical darkness.

Perhaps you have not heard of Mr. Brahms, a young man of Hamburg, whom Dr. Schumann sent to Leipsic with a letter which was published, and in which he stated his opinion that Brahms was a youth of astounding genius. The letter

was filled with expletives such as were never used in regard to Beethoven, injudicious, to say the least, when used to so young a person. Now-a-days the masters in art do not say to juvenile aspirants of undoubted gifts, as Haydn said to Beethoven when he heard him perform the three Sonatas afterwards dedicated to him, "Young man you have talent, but you have need to instruct yourself still further in your art." Herr Brahms has talent, perhaps of a very high quality, and although his Sonata for Piano which he performed at the Gewandhaus last week, is very obscure in many parts, some of the ideas are striking, and of a high quality. I shall never forget though, the effect of Mozart's quintet in G minor, which followed this sample of the modern school. So clear, so pure, of such childlike simplicity and beauty of idea—the very acme of art—because art, which seemed like a simple and natural outpouring of the soul. David played the 1st violin part, in the very most admirable style, it was perfection, and will ever be remembered by one of his hearers at least, with gratitude and delight. But my letter is already too long, and I have no space to tell you of many great musical pleasures which have been mine this winter. Another time I will speak of Gluck's masterpiece, *Armida*, heard at Berlin, and the "*Vestal*" of Spontini, at Dresden, and of the promised pleasures of hearing Mrs. Goldschmidt, Joachim and the 9th Symphony at the Gewandhaus very shortly. Wishing you much success, I remain

Yours very truly,

CHARLES C. PERKINS.

We have heard the overture to *Tannhäuser*, and have admired it, and have said it. It is the only real, *bonâ fide* specimen of Wagner's music, that we have heard. Of course it would be childish haste and folly for us to give in our adhesion to Wagner altogether as a composer, and especially in the character claimed for him as the inaugurator of a new era, a new school in Art; still more especially in his character as a dramatic composer, we having never heard one, nor even a fragment of one of his operas, save in a mere orchestral arrangement without voices; and understanding at the same time that the central principle of his whole operatic theory is the inseparable union of the music and poetry. The orchestral excerpts from *Rienzi*, which the Germanians have played to us, gave us little pleasure, and we expressed but little. But we thought it only fair to remind ourselves and our readers, that *Rienzi* was an early work, written before his Wagnerism proper was developed. Some of the movements (orchestrally arranged) from *Lohengrin*, his latest opera, did seem to us to possess a beauty and expressiveness quite imaginative and fine. We therefore have not been in a condition to find or to declare ourselves either *pro* or *anti*-Wagner.

The same with regard to the German "New School" generally. We know it not enough to condemn it or espouse it as a school. A few hearings of one symphony and one quintet of Schumann have given us great pleasure and led us to hope much from him; to his songs we have become quite partial, and to his little piano "Album" pieces in their way. We are but beginning to know him, and by no means are prepared to settle his precise rank in the long line of composers. Of Berlioz (whom our friend classes with Young Germany,) we have heard *nothing* but the overture to "Lear," of which we spoke soon after Jullien's "Shakspeare night," and *nothing* to

attract us. Is it not rather early therefore to reproach us with "devotion" to the "modern German music?" Besides, we need not assure any constant reader of our journal that we are among the staunchest and devoutest lovers of Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn, to say nothing of Handel, Bach, and other venerable names. Should we become enamored, therefore, of the new tone-prophets, it could not be by their converting us from our old lovers. So far as we find aught to advocate in Schumann or in Wagner, it is not *against*, but *with*, their noble predecessors. For catholic in Art we do wish and intend to be, and must accept that which affects us with a sense of the divine and beautiful, whether it be new or old, whether it be like or unlike, one or many.

In one sense we have "devoted" our columns to Wagner. That is, we have printed much concerning him. His was a new fame in the world musical. Sounds of the great controversy concerning him had come across the ocean. New topics naturally claim more space than old ones in a journal that would give a reflex of the world's musical events and progress. We accordingly digested accounts of the life and works and theories of Wagner from the German and French papers, from his friends and foes, and from his own writings, that it might be seen or conjectured what he amounted to. We did this impartially, pointing out evidences of rare power and originality, with many things in detail true, but *not* accepting his main theory of opera and drama, or rather of the connection between Poetry and Music. Sometimes we described his peculiarities in the language of his admirers; but what we copy we no more endorse, than does the daily newspaper the things it publishes under the head of telegraphic despatches. We have translated parts of Liszt's glowing analysis of *Tannhäuser*, remarking on the singularly complete and beautiful plan of an opera, which it disclosed, but mainly because Liszt's chivalric endorsement of Wagner is one of the interesting musical facts of the day, and because Liszt writes so finely and appreciably of musical Art in its nobler and more spiritual aspects. We have alluded to the bitterness and harshness of certain English criticisms, because they seemed to us to bear the marks of prejudice upon their face, and to be not so modest as it becomes one to be towards any new manifestation of power in Art, when it has really made a deep impression on minds among the most capable of judging.

Taking into account all we have read, for and against, with his own writings, with the report of repeated successes of his operas in German cities, and with what little of his music we have heard in our benighted region of the great world musical, we have sometimes ventured the conjecture that Wagner, while in our view *wrong* in his main musical theory and *right* in many of his special criticisms on existing Opera, must yet be a man of extraordinary talent, nay, creative talent, perhaps genius; and that such indications of power demand of the world that it should wait until it fairly knows, before it utterly condemns. We thank our friend for telling us what the majority of old professors think in Germany, and for the frank report of his own ears and feelings, after a year's exposure to the Wagner music. It shall all help us in getting at the truth. Yet it is not impossible that even in Leipsic he may be

more under the influence of prejudice and party in the matter, than we here, who coolly look on from a distance.

So much for Wagnerism. From our friend's doctrine of the inherent absurdity of Opera, we shall have to express our dissent, but have not room this week.

Concerts of the Past Week.

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY. The Extra Concert, on Saturday evening, was but poorly attended, as extra concerts mostly are now in the thick of the musical season. Yet we doubt not, a better programme would have better drawn. We think Felicien David's "*Desert*" was pretty generally understood beforehand, in spite of the reproduction of ten-years old puffs, to have been a fleeting glory of the past. Since the day of its first sudden popularity, since the glowing anticipations of its author's future achievements (all printed as of yesterday in the biographical sketch upon the programme), ten years have elapsed, and what has he done? and where shall we find a musical community anxious to renew acquaintance with "*The Desert*?" Our musical societies and artists lack faith. We do believe that the Ninth Symphony, with no better choral treatment than it had last winter, would have drawn a larger audience. It was given then, and given successfully; yet there ever returns the old distrust in the appreciation of the public, and the last year's glorious gain is thought not safe enough to build upon, and the best things are not risked. Faith, faith, faith, is an all-essential condition of a sound and steady progress, in musical, even more than in common matters.

Some eight years since we heard *Le Desert* in New York. Its style was newer then than it is now; yet, in spite of many pleasing effects, some sweet melody, and great ingenuity as a descriptive work, its general impression on us was feeble, sweetish and monotonous. This time it was much better executed, yet yielded nothing more, in the way of mental gain or refreshment. The music is monotonous. Should it not be so to convey a feeling of the desert? We answer, unless Art can bid living springs gush in that desert, it had better leave it to the Arabs and its own waste sameness. Silent vastness, indicated by "long and measured unisonous chords," varied only by the oft-returning camel trot, the simoom, and a few sentimental lover's night songs, of a style of melody quite common now (if not when these were written), offers small variety or contrast. It was exceedingly well played, and the choruses were sung as well as could be wished; but we could not sympathize, when all was over, with the last words on the programme: "Thus ends one of the most gorgeous musical poems in the whole range of music." The solo portions suffered in being transposed from the tenor to the baritone of Signor CAMOENZ, the hearty looking Englishman, who also recited in a hollow and prosaic kind of conversation voice the intermediate fragments of the poem. "*The Desert*" has its admirers, as we chance to know, but they are neither the musical public nor the musical few. We do not mean to deny that the work has interest enough to entitle it to a hearing, and more than one. But when there are so many greater and immortal works, with which we have barely begun to be acquainted, and when available evenings are so few, when "Life is short, and

Art is long," is it the best economy of our musical opportunities to waste them upon what is hardly third rate?

"The Desert" continually reminded us of "Museum" music. With fitting scenery and plenty of turbaned Arabs, it would take the first rank among those brilliant oriental spectacles whereby our friend Kimball annually crowds his popular establishment. Of course, we do not mean that the music is not a great deal better than one hears in such things; but it suggests essential similarity in kind.

The Concert opened with the overture to *Tannhäuser*, now a decided favorite with the great musical public. It seemed to be keenly relished; and yet, we are bound to say, it was not so well played as on former occasions. In the rich and solemn opening the wind instruments were not in good tune; and by a new disposition of the orchestra, to accomodate the chorus, the trombones and drums were posted high against the organ screen, where their effect was overpowering.

Besides the choruses in "The Desert," the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL SOCIETY gave a fine rendering of the great chorus in "Elijah," *Thanks be to God*, &c., describing rain after drought and the rushing of the waters. Those strange, moist-sounding chords, were given with great certainty and richness. But the chorus suffered from want of appropriate introduction. One needed that which in the oratorio leads up to this grand climax. Instead of that it came in after one of Mr. APTOMMAS's harp solos, which, however pleasing in their place, could not prepare the mind for such a chorus. Miscellaneous programme-making should be more a work of art. As the effect of a picture depends somewhat on the hanging, so does that of a piece of music on its relative position in a programme. The song of Spohr, by Signor CAMOENZ (with harp and horn accompaniment), was over before we could begin to make out what was the amount of it.

But the above mistake was doubly, trebly atoned for, and the desert was redeemed to perfect bloom at the last AFTERNOON REHEARSAL, by the repetition of that glorious Symphony by Schubert, a work inspired and beautiful in every bar!

To-night the Germanians offer us a better opportunity of appreciating "The Desert," at a regular Concert, when we shall be sure of the advantage of a great audience. We shall try to learn!

MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB.—We have only room to say that the last Chamber Concert had the largest and most interested audience of the season; that the great Beethoven Quartet in F was with laudable courage and ambition essayed again, and with far more success than before; and that the Mozart Quintet with clarinet, which concluded the evening, was indeed delicious in its every movement. The intermediate pieces we were obliged to lose.

New Music.

L'Art du Chant appliquée au Piano. By S. THALBERG. First Series, No. 1. *Quatuor de l'Opéra "I Puritani," de Bellini.* Op. 70. (Oliver Ditson.) pp. 9.

Mr. Ditson is here reprinting a right valuable work for those who would learn to play the piano with

expression. Thalberg has embodied all his taste and experience in a series of admirable rules and well chosen exercises, arranged to the express end of teaching the *art of singing* on the piano. "With this view," he says, "we have selected our transcriptions from those masterpieces of the great composers, both ancient and modern, which are peculiarly *vocal* in their effects." And a rich series is this first, comprising six transcriptions. The first, which we have here reprinted, is that beautiful Quartet in *I Puritani*, which is so arranged as to give distinct individuality to each of the four voice parts, which are engraved in larger notes than the merely instrumental parts, thus challenging the player's attention to the melody continually. The whole is carefully provided with marks for fingering and expression, and it is all easily practicable till we reach the last two pages, where it will cost some practice to sustain a trill through several measures with the last fingers of the right hand while its other fingers have to execute a melody. The piece is beautiful enough to reward practice.

In the coming numbers we are promised an air by Pergolese; the *Adelaide* of Beethoven; an old church melody by Stradella; the *Lacrymosa*, from Mozart's *Requiem*; a duet from the *Nozze di Figaro*; and another from Rossini's *Zelmira*.

Leaves from my Musical Diary, by ADOLPH KIELBLOCK. pp. 7. (O. Ditson.)

Here are three charmingly melodious and expressive little pieces for the piano; simple, clear and chaste in style, and conceived in an artistic spirit which saves them from anything commonplace. The two first are in the form of Songs without Words; they illustrate the best points of musical elocution, and should be good lessons in the same direction with the work of Thalberg, above noticed. The third is a pleasing Waltz, called "Remembrance of Germany," somewhat in the manner of the waltzes ascribed to Beethoven.

Funeral March, by WM. R. BARBOUR. Op. 10. (Published at the Musical Exchange, 282 Washington St., Boston, by Nathan Richardson.)

This is a sincere and worthy tribute to the memory of JONAS CHICKERING. It is accompanied by a speaking portrait of this lamented dear friend of musicians, lithographed by Tappan and Bradford from a daguerreotype by Whipple. The title page bears an appropriate funeral device, and the whole is engraved in a style of unusual elegance and costliness. The March itself is solemn, broad and grand in character; decidedly one of the most respectable efforts of young American composition. It is free from aught trivial, or commonplace, or overstrained—in thought and sentiment, we mean—for there is some overstraining of the muscles in the very crowded and extended harmonies for the left hand, which renders its smooth performance not a little difficult. The writer is an organist and used to a key-board where octaves, twelfths, &c., sound out at the pressure of one key.

MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPS.—The friends of this talented and estimable young lady—and they are all the music-lovers of our city—are rejoiced to hear of her successful debut in opera, in the theatre at Brescia, in Italy. The *Evening Gazette* translates the following account of it from an Italian paper.

"BRESCIA, TEATRO GRANDE.—(Correspondence of the *Cosmorama* of Nov. 26th.) We have heard with profound admiration the *Semiramide* of Rossini, and now see how superficial in every point of view are the ideas of some reformers, who would consign to oblivion the works of that great maestro, to pay homage to modern composers. The first laurels were obtained by the prima donna contralto Adelaide Phillips (Arsace), who debuted on our stage. Her voice is pure, melodious, simple, and educated in a very good school. The public was lavish of well merited applause. We predict and prophesy

from the heart a most brilliant future for this modest young lady. Soss (*Semiramide*) was also received with favor, and was much applauded, especially in the duett with Arsace, which was given with master skill. Tomha (*Assur*), Benincore (*Oroe*), and Dei (*Idrene*), satisfactorily sustained their parts.

It is a pleasant thing to know that this good news came from a young sister aspirant for the same artistic honors, (also from Boston) whose turn is yet to come, she having sailed a little later than Miss Phillips to the countries where the voice has justice done it, and who hereby shows what spirit of generous interest in each other's success exists between them.

CONCERTS.—OTTO DRESEL's next evening, at Chickering's, will be Tuesday, 24th. The Bach Concerto, for three pianos, which made such an impression last year, will be played. Also a Quartet by Schumann, and a Trio by Beethoven, both new to us: and delicious dreams from Chopin.

HARP SOIRES.—It will be a rare pleasure to hear the harp of APTOMMAS in the elegant Chickering saloon, where the faintest, exquisite harmonics will be clearly heard. See card below.

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